

THE
BLOODY MURTHERRER,
OR, THE
UNNATURAL SON
HIS

Just Condemnation.

At the Assizes Held at Monmouth,
MARCH 8. 1671.

With the Suffering of his Sister and Servant,
For the MURTHERR of his Mother,
Mrs. GRACE JONES.

FOR WHICH

The said Son was prest to Death, his Sister burnt,
and his Boy Hang'd.

WITH A

True Accompt of their TRIALS, Penitent Behaviour,
Prayers, Speeches, and Circumstances thereunto
Relating; With Letters of several Worthy
DIVINES.

*Filius ante Diem ———— Quis ista legendus
Temperet à Lachrymis ————*

By Allowance.

L O N D O N,

Printed by H. Lloyd for Jonathan Edwin at
three Roses in Ludgat-street, 1672.



A P O E M upon the late Execrable Murther committed by Henry Jones (and his Confederate Boy George Bridges) Octob. 11. 1671. upon his Mother Mrs. Grace Jones of Monmouth Widow, and their deserved Executions, the one March 11. the other March 16. 1671.

AND did a Pistol-shot distain the Ground
With crimson Gore, show'd from the gushing wound
Of a fond Mother, which aloud did cry,
And with revengeful language pierce the sky;
And was this horrid Matchless Murther done,
To a kind Mother by an unkind son?
A son! how Admiration struck mine eyes,
And all my apprehensive faculties,
When I beheld the man! transform'd with wonder,
~~Senseless I stood, as one struck down with Thunder.~~
This barb'rous Act in never-dying Rimes,
Shall be transmitted to succeeding times;
And (whilst the glittering Orbs in Order roul
Their burning rays about the fixed Pole,)
Be Annaliz'd in the black Rolls of Fame,
As a Memorial of the foulest shame.
Monster of men! what made thee to decoy
Thy Parent to destruction, and thy Boy?
Ah! was thy heart hew'd from a Parian Rock,
Or to it did curs'd Nature set a Lock.

A Poem

To Shut out pity? was it wall'd with brass?
Or much more Steel'd then Salvage Nero's was?
Could nothing but thy Mothers Blood supply
Th' ambitious thirst of thy insatiate eye?
Deluded wretch! experience lets thee know.
That thou art ruin'd by her overthrow:
And that thy big-womb'd wife, might be possess'd
Of dear-bought lands, thou terribly art press'd,
(Dismall effects of love!) with massy stones:
O what sad ends attend Sanguineous ones!
And thou, vile Boy, who didst rescind the threat
Of thy head wounded Mystriss, thou hast got
A shamefull death to thy foul practice due,
And now the Master of the damned crew
Pays thee thy wages, (if thou didst not make
Thy peace with God) in the infernal Lake.
Thou didst do well to clear the Maid from guilt,
But better, if her blood thou hadst not spilt.

*The Wicked Life, Horrid Mur-
ther, and Penitent Death of*
HENRY JONES:

Although the unhappy Times we live in, (which may not unfitly be termed the very Rust of the Iron-age) are too pregnant with sad instances of prodigious Crimes, and unparallel'd Villanies, Men striving with a cursed Emulation to out-vie each other in wickedness; And that crying Scarlet-sin of Murther so overflows (like a torrent) almost in every street; That it seems to many but a piece of Gallantry to stab at the Majesty of God by killing and destroying Man, his Image; yet shall we seldom meet with any Impiety, swell'd to that height in all Circumstances, as this which at present hath engaged our Pen. An Action that at once infringes all Bonds of Gratitude, and Obligations of Humanity; and violates the Tyes of Nature as well as the Dictates of Grace; so strange and lamentable, so cruel and execrable, that it needs no flourish of words, or Epithets, to render it odious, but is in it self so transcendently abominable, as it is incapable of being aggravated by any Rhetorick; for who hears

of a Mother wilfully murth'ed by her own Son, but his senses startle, and his heart is instantly brimful of horror and indignation.-- The perfect Narrative of this deplorable Fact, with its concomitant circumstances, we undertake, not out of prejudice to the deceased Malefactor, who having partly satisfied the Law, by yielding up his body to death here on earth; hath (as we hope, and have no weak Grounds to believe, as shall appear in the sequel) obtained a Pardon also of Almighty God for such his grievous sin, that his Soul may live for ever in Heaven. Nor do we publish it to gratifie their liquorish Fancies, who delight in hearing strange stories, or to furnish the already too talkative World with more vain Discourses; But to the end, that the Readers observing herein (as in a Chrystal Mirror) the variety and violence of the Devils temptations; And the Allurements of sin, wherewith these poor Creatures (the Authors and Actors of this horrid Butchery) suffered themselves to be seduced with the Miraculous detection, and severe punishment of the same; Nay, by the terrors thereof be for the future retained within the lists of Charity towards Men, filial respect and duty towards their Parents and Superiors, and (which includes all) religious obedience towards God and his Commandments: And I hope the World (wicked and insensible as it is) hath not yet so totally renounced and abandoned all Virtue,

ture, Piety and Prudence, as not a little by these Examples to reflect; and imitate the wise and skilful Pilot, who mourns to see the Rocks whereon his fellow-Voyagers have suffered shipwreck; and yet again rejoyceth, that by the sight thereof he may avoid his own; Lastly, that we may all admire the Riches of Gods Grace, which denies not to receive the vilest and most crimson sinners, whenever they with a sincere and hearty Repentance make their Addresses to his Throne for mercy and forgiveness.

The principal Actor in this barbarous Tragedy was *Henry Jones*, the son of *Thomas Jones*, late of *Monmouth* in *Southwales*, and *Grace* his Wife; Parents miserably unhappy to bring into the World so ungrateful and unnatural a Wretch, that justly came to suffer an ignominious death, for bereaving her of life, from whom he thus derived his own: It were no less injury to truth, then affront to the Countrey of his Nativity, should we deny him to be by descent a Gentleman, his Father being a Person of a competent estate, and good repute in those Parts: But alas! what a sorry and contemptible Glory is it, to bear only the empty names and painted Coats of Generous Ancestors, whilst we by neglecting the imitation of those vertues that first made them eminent, disgrace their Memories, and commit Actions more vile then the basest of the plebeian Raoble.

His Provident Father considering, That no quality does more adorn or embellish than Learning, took particular care to have his greener years seasoned with the Rudiments of Literature, which one would have thought should have served him for the more regular Conduct of his future life; and rein'd him in from such matchless enormities; But Learning alone, without being grafted on a stock of good natural Parts, and watered with the dew of Heavenly Grace, is commonly not only barren of happy fruit, but very dangerous whilst it puffs up its empty-headed Possessors, and makes them self-will'd, conceited, and remerarious in their undertakings: He was no sooner arriv'd to that Age, which loyally (though not always truly) entitles us to discretion, but he was freed from the Tyranny of the Rod and Ferula, and Articl'd with an Attorney; an Imploy not unlike to continue and thrive, since Pride, Fraud, Malice, Revenge and Contention do daily increase amongst Neighbours. But—

—*Ludit in Humanis divina Potentia rebus.*—

We fondly to our selves great things propose,
But their Events 'tis Heaven alone that knows.

Whilst his careful and Indulgent Parents feed themselves with hopes of his rising by the Law; 'Tis (alas!) his destiny most wretchedly to fall by it; He wore out his five years Term with his Master, without any thing worthy of
unless we shall say, that by keeping debauched

bauched Company, learning to drink, and other Extravagancies too frequently practised by some, (I had almost said in this seducing Age, by most) young Clarks; he then laid a foundation for the sad Superstructure of his succeeding life, and that his ruine may perhaps not amiss be calculated from thence—. After the Expiration of his said Term, he continued some time in *London*, making Addresses and Courtship to several Women; but not succeeding herein, and his father being lately dead, leaving him some estate, though it seems, not enough to satisfy his boundless desires: He thereupon returns home to *Monmouth*, and married the Daughter of a *Glocester-shire* Gentleman, with whom (as 'tis reported) he had a competent Portion; and one that (had it stood with the Decrees of Providence) seem'd to deserve a better Match, since Fame gives her the commendable Character of virtuous and discreet: But since Marriages are first ordained in Heaven before they are consummated on Earth, 'tis equal vanity in any that have submitted their Necks to that yoke, to murmur and complain: As 'tis for Bowlers, when they have made their Cast, to cry, either *Rub* or *Fly*: Heaven to some gives agreeable and happy Consorts to assist and support their weakneses; to others lewd and unequal Yoke-fellows, for the trial of their patience: The first have Reason to applaud its mercy in Hymns of Thanksgiving; the last, to evidence their own obe-

obedience, by a cheerful submission in the discharge of their Duties.

The old Gentleman his father, being very tenderly affectionate towards his wife, and having other children for her to maintain, left her at his death an estate of about 100 l. *per ann.* for life, that was afterwards to descend to the said Henry her son, which brings us directly to the occasion that first excited this inconsiderate wicked young Man to the horrid thoughts of murdering her.

He found this rate of living, above what his estate or Practice of Law, (which he followed in the Country) could maintain, and would often be borrowing money of his Mother, sometimes pretending one urgent occasion, and then another, which she, like a kind Mother, for several times very readily supply'd him with.

At last, finding by his often requests her small Exchequer would soon be exhausted, and that he wasted it vainly and profusely, she grew more reserved, and less free to part with her money, which put him into a rage: and the devil takes hold of the opportunity to mind him of 100 l. *per ann.* to come to him after her death, and suggested, that she liv'd too long: hereupon without fear of God, or regard to his soul, he like an unnatural Villain, entertains thoughts of sending her out of the world; hellish thoughts and infernal resolutions: which will not

only strangle those that embrace, but confound all that hearken to them: he consults about this bloody business with his will, not his conscience: with his wicked heart, but not with his precious soul: His faith is so weak towards God, and so strong with the devil, that he will not retire with grace, but advance with impiety: His wilde youth hath no regard to her Reverend Age, nor hath all the blood that streams in his veins power to prompt him that 'tis derived from hers, which he goes about most inhumanely to spill: he is hellishly resolved on the matter, and now proceeds to the manner of her Tragedy: He proposes to himself several ways for to murder her, and the Devil who is never absent on such hellish occasions, makes him as well industrious as vindictive and implacable in the contriving and finishing it: At last, having a servant, a Boy of about fifteen years of Age, named *George Bridges*; the son, as is reported, of a Butcher, he resolves to make him his Confederate and Confident in this black design, whereupon preparing him with fair words, obliging him to secrecy, with horrid Oathes and Imprecations, and tempting him with a Promise of five pounds in Money, and a new suit of Cloathes for his infernal service in the business; he discovers to him his intentions of killing his Mother, and engag'd him therein: But she seldom going forth they knew not how to bring about

about their wicked purpose, though for a Month together they waited for an opportunity. At last he inspires them with a stratagem, which took effect to all their Ruines. This wicked Son and his young Villain privately steal several Sheaves of Corn out of a Barn his Mother had in the Fields, not above a quarter of a Mile distant from *Monmouth* Town, and carry them down to a small Wood, about two Furlongs beyond the said Barn, on a River-side call'd *Munnow*, being a place designed for Executing their Inhumane Villiany; having thus laid the Train, and spread his Nets for the Life of his Innocent Mother, this graceless Son on *Wednesday*, the Eleventh of *October* last past, (like a curst Hypocrite) under the officious and specious pretences of care and diligence, invites his tender Mother to her own bloody Funerat, coming and acquainting her, that she had certainly lost Corn out of her aforesaid Barn, and that he had often told her so, but she would never beleeve it; but now he could make it appear, if she would be pleased to go with him thither, and that she would do very well to look after it: Here-upon through his much importunity she condescended and went with him towards the Evening in her Slippers to the Barn, where seeing Corn scattered towards the afore-mentioned Wood, he told her it was gone that way to his knowledge; for (says he) if you go but a little further,

further, you shall find several Sheaves of your Wheat, which she yielding to, came to the Wood-side, but was very unwilling to go in, till by his Intreaties she was prevail'd upon; and according to his Stories, found indeed several Sheaves, but meets also with a Death no less cruel then un-expected; for as she was stooping to take up some of the ears of Corn, and rubbing them in her hands to see whether they were thresh'd or no, this graceless, inhumane, and unnatural Wretch, her Son, attended with his aforesaid Confederate *George Bridges*, who had waited on them thither, discharges a Pistol at her, from which she received a mortal shot, with a slug or loget, in the right side of her head, about an inch above her ear, the slug remaining in her head; the Wound was found, when prob'd by Chyrurgions to be about six inches in length; she falling down, they for the present left her; but fearing, it seems, they had not compleatly done their work; about two houres after they return, and though one would have thought the direful Reflections on what they had done, might have rais'd in them a Consternation, and the ghastly spectacle of a Murthered Mother, touch'd and somewhat mollified the obdurate heart of this wicked son: yet contrariwise, so little were they dismay'd thereat, and such small Impression could this woful Object make on their savage spirits. That these sons of darkness fell afresh to their bloody banquet, (it being then about 9, of the Clock

Clock the same Evening) when the amazed and blushing Sun had withdrawn it self far enough from beholding so foul and barbarous an Action; And then the young Affassinate, *George Bridges* (young indeed in years, but old in wickedness) steps on the bloody stage to present the second Act of this most lamentable Tragedy; for doubting she was not yet quite dead, and her soul fully dispatch'd into the other world; this young son of *Belial*, *George Bridges*, with a Knife cuts her throat, making a Transition about five inches long, clear through the great Artery and Jugular veins; and (as 'tis credibly related) this Imp of Hell, a stranger to Grace, and Rebel to Nature, scoffingly told his Master on that horrid occasion, *That his Mothers throat cut as tough as an old Awer*: and here 'tis observable how these two wretched creatures could be so hardned in wickedness, and bold in villany, as to have the impious courage to return unto the place and person where they had so lately committed such an abomination; for although their Guide and Conductor the black Prince of the Air, assisted them with the obscurity of Night, yet every Bird and Bush might, methinks, have stricken Terror in their conscious souls, and they might by this time have reflected on what they had done, and consider'd they had been hatching Cockatrice-Eggs, and weaving the Spiders web. But God was not in all their thoughts, and the Devil had lul'd the fear'd consciences into a lethargick Slumber not to be awakened but with Thunder, their thoughts were wholly thoughts of Blood, wasting and destruction

were

were in their paths, which in short time fell on their own heads; this being done, the son then took from her what money she had about her (reported to be about 5 li. enough to pay the Villain his promised reward that assisted in her murther) and several Rings off her fingers, which Providence after order'd partly to discover it; then they endeavor'd to drag her dead body to the before-mention'd river *Munnaw* (hard by the wood-side) but it prov'd too heavy for them, or on I know not what other considerations, they at last left it neer the place where they did the Fact; the boy went to the farm-house of his slain Mystriss near the wood, & the son home to her house in *Monmouth*, who coming to the door, gave a little rap with his fingers, his Sister *Mary* who stay'd up for him, presently let him in (as 'twas afterwards prov'd against her at the *Affizes*) & that night wash'd his bloody clothes: Next morning early, on *Thursday Octob. 12.* a poor woman of *Monmouth* going into this Wood to gather some sticks, saw this dead body, and approching neer, found it to be Mrs. *Fones* whom she well knew, and therupon returning back, acquainted the Magistrates, that in such a wood lay such a person murther'd, on which they went to the house of Mrs. *Grace Fones*, and found her son *Henry* in bed, and told him they heard his Mother was murther'd; he made strange of it, and seem'd to be much troubled at it: but going with the townsmen to the place where his mother lay dead, by her was found several footsteps, and measuring the feet of them that were present, they found those footsteps to fit the feet of *Henry Fones*, and suspecting him to be concerned, they charged him with the murther,

and

and had him and his Man before two or three Justices met for that purpose, who examin'd first the Boy, and then the Master; the Boy confess'd that his Master shot her in the head, and the Master said the Boy cut her throat, and so the one impeach'd the other. After this, the daughter *M. Jones* was taken into examination, suspecting her to be guilty with her brother in this Murther, not only for beating of the little children for crying, and making enquiry for their mother, but for washing her Brothers bloody cloaths, and endeavoring to conceal her mothers death; yet some friends thinking her to be innocent became Bail for her, & she went at liberty; but within five or six weeks after she made her escape from *Monmouth*, and was gone several miles towards *London*, which the Bail hearing of, she was pursued, apprehended and carried back again, where she was committed prisoner till the next Assizes, together with her brother and the said *George Bridges*.

After *Mr. Jones's* commitment, several able Ministers went to visit him, viz. The Reverend and learned *Dr. Goodwin* Minister of the Town of *Monmouth*, *Mr. Pullington* Minister of *Newland*, and *Mr. Betham* Minister of *Whit-Church*, who used their most strenuous endeavors to make him sensible of the heinousness of his sin, with which from the first moment of his being taken into custody, he seem'd to be extremely affected: besides these, one *Mr. Jackson* Minister of *Newent* sent a Letter of Advice to him, which being full of excellent Matter, we should not discharge our duty, if we did not publish it here *verbatim*, as followeth.



A Godly learned Ministers Letter, to
Mr. Jones, soon after he was com-
mitted to prison.

SIR,

IN giving you the trouble of these Lines, I have
no other design than the discharge of my Con-
science, and the awakening of yours, by a faith-
ful and friendly admonition. My Office, as a
Minister, binds me to lay out my self for the sal-
vation of mens Sou's ? and being deeply apprehen-
sive of the danger of yours, both in respect of that
bloody fact which you have committed, and the sins
which made God leave you to commit that unnatu-
ral Murder: I could not but give you my best ad-
vice, though at a distance. — Now, since
Conviction of Sin is the first step to Repentance:
I beseech you in the fear of God to consider how hi-
deous and gastly the Sin is which you have commit-
ed, which had it been only of a stranger that had no
way obliged you, might have made you go mourn-
ing to your Grave. How much more then to take
away the Life of her who gave you yours, that bare
you in her Womb, dandled you on her Knees, and
nursed you in her bosom? Oh! of what a deep dye
B is

is a Mothers Blood? what a prodigious sin is Matricide! In this how have you out sinned Cain? as much as a Mother is dearer than a Brother, and hath done more for you than a Brother or Sister can do. Can a Mother forget her Child, saith the Prophet, Isa. 49. 15. But can a Child forget a Mother? Could you forget what pains she underwent in bearing? what trouble in nursing? what care in providing for you? But then if you consider yet further. How suddenly you thrust her out of the world, whereby she was deprived of time to put the affairs of her Soul in order, it may more humble you; and consider, whether depriving her of space to call on the Lord for mercy, you may not have hurt her Soul more than her Body, especially if she was taken away in an unprepared estate. And further, all this was done not rashly, in your drink or passion; but was a premeditate and deliberate act of your Soul. Oh! how doth my Soul bleed at the consideration of your horrid Sin; mine Eyes are not dry whilst I write, I know not how yours are in reading it. As it was an act of your hand, your body was guilty of the Sin; but as it was a deliberate act, your Soul is partaker in the guilt, and both Soul and Body defiled with your Mothers blood. But alas! my Brother, the act is not all, though bloody; the corruption of Nature, and Fountain that sent forth those bitter streams, is to be bewailed. The Cause is worse than the Effect; that deep pollution of your Nature, and that corruption which
put

put on this wicked act, is to be bewailed. The sins of your life, which provoked God to give you up to shed a Mothers blood, are to be lamented; It is like by committing many other sins, and by neglecting to serve God, your heart came to be hardened by degrees, and so from one wickedness to another, till at last you adventured on this high crime. —

Think then I beseech you in how full a manner your Heart was under the dominion of the Devil; and what quiet and peaceable possession he had of your Soul; so that if this sin had not been committed, you might have perished for your other transgressions. — And now I beseech you to consider, whether it doth not concern you, to think in what a woful estate your Soul is, when a studied and deliberate slaughter of a Mother, fills up the measure of your sins, what hope remaineth of escaping Eternal misery, without deep and sound Repentance, when the Scripture saith expressly, that Murderers are shut out of Heaven, Rev. 22. 15. —

I write not this to drive you to despair; but to draw you to Repentance. And oh! that you would cast your self down in the dust, and bitterly bewail this bloody and black sin, with the sins of your life, which prepared you for this; Oh that you would be continually on your Knees, begging for Pardon and Peace; Oh that your head were a Fountain of Tears, and that you could weep day and night for the wrong you have done, not only to your own Soul, but also to him that made you, and her that bare you; Great

sins must have great Repentance; 'tis not true except it be very deep; 'tis not true except it be for all as well as some; 'tis not true except it be for sin as sin; tis not true except it bewails original corruption, as Davids Repentance of his Murder and Adultery, lest not his depravity unlamented, Psal. 51. 5.

Now that you may not miscarry this great work of such high concernment; but that your Repentance may be Repentance unto Salvation, never to be repented of. I beseech you for Gods and your own Souls sake, to observe and follow these directions.

1. Beware of whatsoever may be an hindrance to the true humiliation of your Soul.

Take heed of too much company, or bad company, privacy or retiredness may be much for your advantage; vain company will have vain discourse; desire all such to depart from you, whose discourse tends not to your Souls profit. let only such be conversant with you, who will help you in your work, which is to fit your self for an happy Eternity.

2. Take heed of worldly and vain discourse, loose not precious time in unprofitable talk, spend not your Breath otherwise than in penitent sighs, groans, and prayers, and in giving warning to such as come about you to avoid the sins which brought you to this sad condition. —

3 Take heed of pleasing your appetite, in taking too much drink, or in a too liberal use of meats, be
much

much in fasting which is an help to Prayer, and let the diet you take be moderate, and mean as becomes one that judgeth himself unworthy of life or comfort; abstinence from the enjoyments of this life, is a great help and furtherance of mortification and humiliation; Bishop^r Atherton found that by shutting the Windows, making the room somewhat dark, was helpful to humiliation.

4. Take heed of thinking that if your life pay for your Mothers, you do thereby make satisfaction to God; for though that be some satisfaction to the Law of the Land, yet not to God, who is only satisfied by the death of his Son Jesus Christ, which satisfaction you must lay hold on by Faith, and apply the blood of Christ to wash away the foul sins of your Mothers blood. — And such faith cannot be separated from true repentance: therefore you must practice the one, that you may be assured of the other.

2. Embrace all means that may further and promote you in the way and work of Repentance.

1. Read much in the Scriptures, and such Soul-searching Books as may help to awaken, direct, comfort, and further you in the way of Salvation; especially look much into those books as treat of Conversion, Repentance, and the last things, as Death, Judgment, Heaven and Hell: it would do well also to get such Books as have been set forth of penitent Malefactors, as Bishop Atherton, Nathaniel Butler, Thomas Savage, and others, who being cast into Prison for great crimes, were through Di-

vine mercy brought to Repentance, and left the world not without hope of Salvation; read also the Penitential Psalms, and labour to get your heart affected by reading, and be not contented except you profit by it.

2. Meditate much on the guilt of your last great sin, and the former that led you to it; waste no thoughts about the world or worldly things, think much how God might possibly chastise your Parents for their worldliness in and by you, for whom it may be they were more careful to provide, than for their immortal Souls. — And think also of your own ingratitude, who requited a dear Mother so evil, as to take away her life, whose greatest fault it may be was, that she was too eager to make you great and rich in this world. — Think also of the strict Justice and severe vengeance of God, whose wrath is a consuming fire, and also who is a terrible avenger of Innocent blood, which cryeth for vengeance. — think also what is like to become of the Body and Soul of that poor wretch, who was your Companion in guilt, and who was drawn by you to be a partaker of Blood; that so his sin and misery (as well as your own, may incite and draw on to Repentance. —

Pray without ceasing, for Mercy, Pardon and Peace; cry unto God for a broken and contrite heart, and say often with a bleeding heart, as David, Psal. 51. 14. Deliver me from blood guiltiness O God, let prayer be your continual exercise. Above
all

all things pray for a saving sight and sense of sin, and of your need of Christ. And that you may be deeply humbled as well for your other sins as this last, was not your breath in unprofitable discourse, which may be better spent this way. You have a blessed Eternity to provide for, and all the time you have to live on Earth, is little enough to bewail the sins of your life, and to fit your self for an everlasting state. — Therefore redeem your precious time, and account every Minute of great value; be very thrifty of it: Ob let not drinking, gaming or vain talk devour those precious hours which you may and ought to improve for your Eternal Salvation. Redeem all you can from sleep, company, vain discourse, &c. and spend it in self-examination, humiliation, prayer, confession of sins, and supplication for Mercy; Remember God upon your Bed, and meditate on him in the night watches; remember the greatness of your sin, and the worth of your Soul, and let it be your great business to get the one pardoned, and the other saved: If Soul-helping friends come to visit you, hold them fast, and intreat their Prayers and Counsel, and let them not leave you till you have reaped some spiritual benefit from them; but if worldly and carnal friends come to see you, such as have little favour of God and Grace, dismiss them speedily with some good admonition, for the time they stay is like to be lost, which you should esteem as an unvaluable Treasure.

Lastly, let me intreat you for your Souls sake, and

by the Prayers that I have made, and the Tears I have shed for it, that you would not slightly read these lines which I have written, nor throw them away after once reading them; but that you would ponder on them, and endeavour to practice the instructions given you by him that desires your Repentance and Salvation. And oh! that God would set your sin home to your Conscience, and save you from Eternal death and the wrath to come. By what I have written, you see, that I look not upon you as utterly past hope and help, your sin, though great, is not unpardonable if you can truly believe and heartily repent; the blood which David and Manassah shed, was upon their true Repentance forgiven. And the Arm of the Lord is not shortened, nor the Fountain of Mercy exhausted; The Blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin, 1 John 1. 7. Though they be as Red as Scarlet, or as Crimson, Isa. 1: 18. You are not yet so far from Heaven; but you may by true Faith and Repentance get it. Nor are you so near Hell, but you may yet by the means of God escape it; but remember the work you have to do is great, your time short, and your strength sma'l; therefore whatsoever you find in your heart to do for your Salvation, do it with all your might, Eccles. 9. 10. you have lost too much time already, loose no more; but immediately about this great Work, to make up the dreadful breach that is between God and your Soul, and to fit it for his glorious presence, which that you may diligently

gently and faithfully perform to your everlasting
Salvation, is, and shall be earnestly requested (whilst
you are on this side the Grave) by him who is

Your Souls Friend and Remembrancer,

Tho. Jackman.

Directed thus.

For Mr. Henry Jones,
Prisoner in Monmouth.

By

BY the labours of the aforesaid Ministers, and the repeated perusal of this Pathetical, Soul-searching, Heart-melting Letter, it pleased the great God in infinite Mercy, to give this desperate Malefactor a sense of his most dangerous state, the grievousness of his sins, and the necessity of a Christ to preserve him from the Jaws of everlasting destruction, henceforward, he was very little concerned for his body, or the pains of death it was to suffer; but extremely solicitous about the affairs of his Soul. He was often bewailing his sinful heart, and the Errors of his life; how much time he had wretchedly wasted in the Devils service, and how little he had now to spend for Gods Glory and his Souls advantage, he was very diligent in reading the Holy Bible, and good Books, and very frequent and fervent in Prayer, some forms of which (we conceive) for the assistance of his Memory, were found after his death, in writing, in the Prison, which take as follows.

O Almighty God , Lord of Heaven and Earth, Judge of Angels and Men, give leave to a vile, wretched and dejected Soul to come into thy presence, who deserves nothing but Plagues and Torment, Fire and Brimstone, permit a trembling Malefactor to look towards thy Mercy Seat, and for Jesus sake attend unto my cry, and hear the voice of my Tears. O Eternal goodness, if thou forsake me, the huge load of my sins will sink me into desperation, and fiery Prison, my estate is most sad, and pittyable, and there is none to deliver me, let thy tender Mercies speedily prevent me ; for I am brought very low. I am astonished at the sight of my Iniquities; for they are great and numberless, O Lord support me with thy blessed Arms, or I shall fall into a Sea of misery, and never rise again ; fear and terrours do surround me, and the evil spirits watch for my ruine : may I not, a grievous sinner, beg one drop of comfort, who am ready to perish, may I not pray to thee in the time of my distress, when thy fierce Waves are coming over my Soul, my pensive, fainting, and troubled Soul : I am afflicted and ready to die from my youth up, while I suffer thy terrors I am distracted, wilt thou be angry with me for ever ? wilt thou draw out thine anger into all Generations ? most Gracious God , give me leave to lie at thy sacred feet , and sigh and mourn, and bewail my self a little, before I descend

cend into my Grave, where there is no repent-
 ing, give me leave to confess my Iniquities, and
 beg this favour, that I may not go down into the
 Regions of darkness, and dwell with Devils,
Ezek. 18. 31, thou wilt not the death of sin-
 ners, thou takest no pleasure in their Torments.
 O then Well-spring of Life and Salvation, who
 hast promised pardon to the penitent, let the
 sighing of the Prisoner come before thee, whose
 heart is melted in the midst of his Bowels. I
 confess O Lord I have been proud, and pro-
 phane, and despised thy truths, I have been gree-
 dy of the world, and distrusted thy providence,
 I have made hast to be rich, and ruined my self,
 This O God was the bitter root from whence all
 my sorrows do grow, my worldly-mindedness.
 This made me unhallow thy day, and despise
 Religion, the promises of God, and Eternal fe-
 licities: it was my filthy, base, and sordid cove-
 tousness, which drew me to disobedience and
 blood-guiltiness, which cuts me off in the midst
 of my days. O that I should be such a Son of
Belial, as to die my hands in the blood of my Pa-
 rent, that bore me upon her Knees, and laid me
 in her bosom, that I should be such a wretch as
 to side with the Devil, and the unrighteous
 Mammon in taking away her life, who groaned
 for me. O the fulness of this deed of darkness,
 which fills me with grief, horror and astonish-
 ment; but is there no Balm in *Gilead*? no
 Physician

Physician there, to heal a wounded spirit, to support a sinking sinner? O Father of Mercy, though my goods and life is forfeited by this Hellish deed, let not my hopes of Heaven be lost, and my precious Soul. Thou O God of truth hast said it, *John 1. 9. If we confess our sins, thou art faithfull and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.* And how unrighteous was I, to send her out of the world, who rejoyced greatly when I came into it? I speak it Lord in the bitterness of my heart, I am the vilest Son, the bloodiest Villain that ever breathed in the Air. Never was Turk or Moor guilty of such horrid wickedness; but thou seest my prostitution, and thou hast heard my groans, put my Tears into thy Bottle, are they not in the Books? O searcher of Hearts, thou knowst it is not life, but unfeigned sorrow, and Mercy that I implore. Burn this my flesh, wound and destroy it, so that my Soul lie in the Arms of Jesus. O wash me clean in that purple River which flowed from his side, and let all my lusts be drowned in my sorrows. *Jer. 1. 9. O that my head were Waters, and mine Eyes a Fountain of Tears, that I might weep day and night!* O God of Patience and consolation, look not upon the blackness of my crime, but upon the wounds of thy Son, who is mighty to save, *Isa. 63. 1.* for his sake let my Prayer come before thee

thee; for my soul is full of troubles, and my life draweth near unto the Grave. *Isa. 63. 15.*
Look down from Heaven, and behold from the habitation of thy holiness, and of thy Glory, where is thy zeal and thy strength, the sounding of the bowels and of thy mercy towards me? are they restrained?

O holy Jesus offer up my suit to thy Father, and plead for a Soul who begs compunction of Spirit, and thy loving kindness, and the addition of a few days to my life, that I may give testimony to my friends, and the world, that I am a penitent Murderer, as *David* and *Manasses*, and many more, who now are in the City of God. O most Gracious and Merciful Father, who art unwilling that any should perish, speak Peace to my troubled and guilty Soul, and heal the gaping wounds which I have made in my Conscience, and knock off my Chains of flesh, and take me to thy self, though I become least in the Kingdom of Heaven.

Ever blessed Jesus, I humbly beseech thee to save the Soul of my servant, whom I have drawn to the gates of death and misery, by engaging him to joyn with me in spilling the blood of the Innocent, for the horridness of which I cannot weep enough, if my Tears would make a River, and rise above its Banks, and drown the Fields where

ny where I finned. O thou Prince of Peace, look
 5. with a favourable Eye upon thy Servants, who
 a- are bound in affliction, and Iron, may thy wounds
 is satisfie for those which we have given, and thy
 v- blood for that which we spilt, and deliver us
 n- from the Eternal Prison, the crime, I confess, was
 r, hainous and desperate; but it was I, O Lord it
 of was I that did it, lay not my sin to my Servants
 ti- charge, but pity and pardon him for thy name
 ti- sake, and deliver him from the spirits of dark-
 a ness, and eternal damnation. O my dear Sa-
 v- viour, though we suffer here an ignominious
 of death, and become objects of scorn and derision,
 of spectacles to men and Angels, do thou hear and
 r, help, and forgive us, that we may shortly dwell
 k in the blessed Regions, where we shall never sin,
 al nor sorrow more. Do it for thy everlasting
 y Mercy sake, most Merciful Saviour Jesus, in
 n, whose name and words we further pray.
 ft

Our Father, &c.

O Lord I know not what to
pray for as I ought, let thy
Spirit help my infirmities, and
enable me to offer a Spiritual Sa-
crifice unto thee by Jesus Christ.

O

O Most Gracious and Glorious Lord God
 the Saviour of the world; who art infi-
 nitely holy and happy, and it is from thee I must
 expect the possibility of being either the vilest
 of thy Creatures, or the unworthiest among
 such as own a God. I do humbly prostrate my
 self before thee, confessing from the bottom of
 my heart, that I have transgressed my duty to-
 wards thee my Neighbour, and my self; and
 that by neglecting to do those things, that thou
 hast expressly forbidden; and this not through
 ignorance and frailty, but knowingly and wil-
 lingly against the motions of thy Spirit, and the
 checks of my own Conscience to the contrary:
 and to my shame I confess that I have lifted up
 violent hands against her that bore me, being
 the Instrument to take away that life whence I
 derived my own, such is the terror of my sin,
 the stain of my polluted Conscience, that no-
 thing but the blood of my Redeemer can
 wash it. I am troubled for my sins, and my
 thoughts are disquieted within me. I pant for
 mine heaviness, and all the day long I groan for
 my offences. *Psal. 15. 14. Deliver me from
 guiltiness O God, and in mercy save my Soul.* And
 since my life hath hitherto been a president for
 the height of pride and cruelty, my actions to
 this remainder of my life did loudly say there is
 no God, since the Devil hath tempted me to
 destroy my body; O give me Grace to beguile
 C him

him of my Soul: let me henceforth be the more diligent and careful, as I have been hitherto remises and wilfull, my misery is unspeakable: O let me not loose my Relations and Soul too; but grant me I implore thy goodness, a sincere Contrition, a hearty confession and Repentance, which thou hast promised, Mercy and Pardon. I have sinned with *Peter* and *David*: O! give me their heart-melting sorrow and Salvation, make me a great Penitent, as I have made myself a great sinner, let my Tears not only confess, but my heart change from a brutish to a Christian temper, that I out of due sense of my horrid Impiety, and a serious apprehension of my guilt, which lies before me, may with all earnestness of Spirit, with all vigour and resolution, beg, and at last obtain Mercy for Christ his sake, who dyed upon the Cross, to save sinners, of whom I am chief, *1 Tim. 1: 15*. O! heal my Soul by his wounds, let his Innocence attend for my guilt, the purity of his hands propitiate for the filthiness of mine, let his Blood spilt upon the Cross, expiate for that which I have spilt upon the ground. O! my heart bleeds within me: I could endure a thousand torments, but a wounded Conscience who can bear? so wofull, and so eternally miserable is my condition, without the assistance of the Almighty, thou art my succour and my terror; but I fly from thee, unto thee; from the Tribunal

nal of thy Justice, to the bosom of thy Mercy ;
 though the Wages of sin is death, yet I beseech
 thee for thy Mercy sake, free me, though not
 from Temporal death, yet from that which is
 Eternal, that my Execution here, may be my
 passing to Glory. O ! thou who willest not
 the death of a Sinner, save my Soul ; though
 my sins be like *Manasses* numberless, as the
 Sand, like *Davids* , Red as the Scarlet, yet
 thou canst make me whiter than Snow, wash me
 with Hyssop, give me a sincere compunction,
 and a perfect abhorrence of my wicked self, that
 I may lay fast hold upon Christ, through lively
 faith and repentance, and then welcome tor-
 ments and death it self, then though I die, I
 shall live to this end and purpose, to enlighten
 my mind and dark understanding with those
 graces that are requisite for a dying man, let thy
 preventiug Graces keep me from the Devil,
 my former confederate, and now my adversary.
 O ! give me Grace, not to yield any more to
 his suggestions : Let him not betray my Soul ;
 but that I may stand upon my guard, and baffle
 all his assaults, that as he overcame me here, I
 may live to conquer him, and at my death tri-
 umph over him, and all his Stratagies. Lord
 thou knowest the retirement of my Breast, the
 secrets of my bosom, pity my wofull Condi-
 tion, and lift up the light of thy Countenance
 upon me, in order to the removal of this Clog

upon my Conscience, that I rightly understanding what I have committed, may not deceive my self, with the show of Repentance, and finally through thy Grace and Mercy, iuherit the Kingdom which my Saviour purchased for me, to whom be ascribed all Honour and Glory, &c.



Of Contrition.

O Höly Lord God, who art a Mercifull imbracer of true Penitents, but yet a consuming fire to obstinate and perverse sinners, shall I approach thee, who have so many provoking sins to inflame thy wrath, and so little sincere Repentance to incline thy Mercy. O be thou pleased to soften and melt this hard and obdurate heart of mine, that I may water my Couch with Tears, that I may heartily bewail the Iniquities of my life, and mourn for my Scarlet sins, and blush for my hainous crime; strike this Rock O Lord, that the Waters may flow out, even floods of Tears to wash my polluted Conscience, my drowsy Soul hath too long slept securely in sin, my life hitherto has been but a sinful dream. Lord awake my Soul, though it be with Thunder, and let me rather feel thy terrors, than not feel my sins, thou hast sent thy son to heal the broken hearted; but Lord what will that avail me, if my heart be whole: O break it, that it may be capable of his healing virtue, and grant I beseech thee, that having once tasted

the bitterness of my sin, I may fly from it, as from the face of a Serpent, and take my Sanctuary in the Arms of my Saviour, that I, by the showers of thy Grace, may bring forth the fruits of a sincere Repentance, in the speedy amendment of my life, to the praise of thy Name, the Comfort of my Friends, and the Eternal welfare of my Immortal Soul, for Jesus Christ his sake.

Our Father, &c.

For



For Patience.

O Lord God of our Salvation, which art the God of Patience and Mercy, and givest Comfort and consolation to those that are in misery and distress, stay the unbridled Nature of my dear Wife, who is now over-whelmed with misery, sorrow and distress, give her Patience, and strengthen her feeble Nature in all discontentedness of mind, doubts, fears, murmurings, rage and furious actions in this life, let no prophaneſs enter into her heart, but grant her a stayed mind, a grave, sober, and quiet disposition. O ! thou that so patiently, peaceably, mildly, meekly, truly and willingly, didst suffer affliction, persecution, and many hainous and heavy sorrows for us. I beseech thee, let thy Patience discharge and rule her Impatience, and let thine infirmities strengthen her weakness; informe her Ignorance, comfort her in sadness and affliction, kindle her love, and discharge, and abandon her fear, moderate her anger and passion. O Lord grant her true Pa-

tience to bear thy Holy Will in all things.
 O Lord her Heart bleeds within her,
 she is brought very low, even to the Gates of
 death, though she be reviled, reproached, be-
 spitted, scoffed, and abused, let her bear it
 patiently, and give her thy Grace, and pa-
 tience to take all in good part, what-
 soever shall befall her, and let her heart
 acknowledge it to be thy doings, and to come
 from thy Providence, and our base unruly
 minds, quiet her Soul in the many disquiet-
 ing changes and chances in this world, and
 open her Eyes now in her discomfort, necessi-
 and need, that she may see hope and comfort
 in thee, prosper her in all her endeavours,
 and Actions, and grant I beseech thee that
 she may obtain her hearty desire. Make me
 O Lord a joyfull Mother, and speak com-
 fortably to her Soul, and tell her, that the
 Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of
 the World, will have Mercy upon her. O
 Lord Jesus, it is the Joy of her Heart, to
 hear that thou hast taken and born all our in-
 firmity. I humbly mind thee for thy pro-
 mises, for the performance of them all, that
 we may be partakers. Prevent her from
 all evil, that may befall her, and tearm
 all things to the best for her good in thee,
 and grant her Patience, and thy will be done,
 for

(37)

for Jesus Christ his sake, who is the Son of
thy Love, and our only Saviour Jesus Christ, in
whose name I further call upon thee, saying.

Our Father, &c.

Besides

Besides he had with his own hand noted the most comfortable Promises, and places fit for his Condition in the Bible, writing down the words at large, which since it may possibly be useful to some sin-sick Soul, we have here also inserted them, in the words of his own Paper, as follows.

Psal. 15. 14. Deliver me from blood-guiltiness O God, thou God of my Salvation, and my Tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness. —

Let Tears run down like a River day and night, give thy self no rest, let not the Apple of thine eye cease. —

Lam. 2: 18, 19. Arise, cry out in the night, in the beginning of the Watches, pour out thine heart like water before the face of the Lord. —

Hos. 13. 9. Thou hast destroyed thy self, but in me is thine help.

Job 14. 13, 14. O that thou wouldst hide me in the Grave, that thou wouldst keep me secret, untill thy wrath be past. If a man die shall he live again? All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my Change come,

Psal. 88. 2, 3, 9, 10, 12. Let my Prayer come before thee, incline thine ear unto my cry ; — For my Soul is full of troubles, and my life draweth nigh unto the Grave. — Mine Eye mourneth by reason of affliction ; Lord I have called daily upon thee, I have stretched out mine hands unto thee

thee. — wilt thou shew wonders to the dead ? shall the Dead arise and praise thee, shall thy wonders be known in the dark, and thy Righteousness in the Land of forgetfulness. —

Psal. 6. 1, 4, 5. O Lord rebuke me not in thine anger, neither chasten me in thy hot displeasure. — Return O Lord, deliver my Soul, O save me for thy Mercy sake ; — For in death there is no remembrance of thee, in the Grave there is no giving thanks unto thee. —

Psal. 15. 5. Behold I was born in sin, and in Iniquity did my Mother conceive me.

Psal. 25. 11. Against thee O Lord have I sinned, against thee, even thee O Lord, have I sinned and done wickedly, and Lord pardon mine Iniquity, for it is exceeding great.

John 6. 37. And he that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.

2 Sam. 12. 9, 13. David said to Nathan, I have sinned against the Lord ; and Nathan said to David, the Lord also hath put away thy sin.

Isa. 45. 18, 19. I said not to the seed of Jacob, seek ye me in vain.

Isa. 55. 7. Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and he will abundantly pardon.

Ezek. 18. 23, 30, 32. Have I any pleasure at all that the wicked should die, saith the Lord, and not that he should turn from his ways and live. —

Repent and turn your selves from all your transgressions,

gressions, so Iniquity shall not be your ruine; for I have no pleasure in him that dyeth, wherefore turn your selves and live.

Mica 7. 18. who is a God like unto thee, that pardonest Iniquity, and passeth by transgression, that retainest not thy anger for ever, and delightest in Mercy.

Mat. 18. 11. the Son of man is come to save that which was lost.

I Tim. 1. 15. This is a faithfull saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, whereof I am chief.

Isa. 55. 7. Let the wicked forsake his ways, and the unrighteous his Imaginations, and return to the Lord, and he will have Mercy upon him, and to our God, for he is ready to forgive.

Isa. 57. 10. I have seen his ways, and will hear him, I will lead him, and restore comfort unto him, and to those that lament.

Psal. 103. 13. As a Father hath compassion on his Children, so hath the Lord compassion on them that fear him.

Psal. 144. 3. Lord what is man that thou takest Knowledge of him, or the Son of man that thou makest account of him.

Job 16. 21, 22. O that one might plead for a man with God, as a man pleaded for his Neighbour. ———. When a few days are come, then I shall go the way whence I shall not return.

In this manner this penitent Malefactor passed

sed the time in a very sorrowfull and Religious frame of Spirit, for about half a year in Prison, untill the last assizes for *Monmouth*, the seventh of *March*, last past; at which time being brought to his Tryal, out of consideration (as 'tis believed) to save his Estate for his VVife and Child, whereof she was there ready to be delivered, he would not plead to the Indictment, but stood mute, and thereupon had Judgment to be pressed to death, a Sentence that carryes with it so much of terrour, that we think it not improper to set it down, with the Reason thereof, as one published by that grand Pillar of your Law, the learned Lord *Cook*, in the second Book of his *Institutes*, in his Comment on *Prim. Westm. Crp. 12.*

The



**The Judgement or Sentence in case
of standing mute, called, *Pain,*
*Fort, & Dure.***

THat the Prisoner shall be remanded to the Prison, and laid there in some low and dark house, where he shall lie naked on the bare Earth, without any Litter, Rush or other Cloathing, and without any Garment about him, but something to cover his Privities, and that he shall lye upon his back, his head uncovered, and his feet, and one Arm shall be drawn to one quarter of the house, and the other Arm to another quarter, and in the same manner shall be done with his Legs, and there shall be laid upon his Body Iron and Stone, as much as he can bear, and more, and the next day following, he shall have three Morsels of Barley without any Drink, and the second day he shall drink thrice of the water that is next to the house of the Prison (except running water) without any Bread, and this shall be his diet untill he be dead.

Thus we see they are to die three manner of ways, (*viz.*) *Onere, Fame, & Frigore*, by weight, famine

famine, and cold, and therefore (if executed according to the severity of the Law) 'tis a punishment of all others the most grievous and fearful; the reason of this terrible Judgment is there rendred, because he refused to stand to the common Law of the Land, that is, Lawful and due Tryal according to Law, and thereupon his punishment for this contumacy, is more severe, lasting and grievous, then it should have been for the crime it self, if he had been Convicted of it, which he cannot be, without Answer.

This



This Action of Mr. Jones, stand-
 ing mute, administred occasi-
 on to some to dispute its lawfulness,
 and theteupon a very Judicious Ca-
 suist drew up the ensuing Case of
 Conscience.

CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

Whether a guilty Malefactor ought to Answer to the lawful Demands of his Judge. *Affirmatur,*

Because, 1. He cannot deny a Truth whereof he is himself Convicted, without Lying; nor can he deny, or anyway detract from his Duty of Answering (being demanded by a superiour and lawful Power,) without being likewise guilty of Contumacy and sad Inobedience.

2. A Malefactor, who is condemned already in foro Conscientiae, cannot, without remorse deny, nor indeed wave or conceal his Confession (when he is Juridice demanded) without giving offence to the glory of God; as it was in the Case of Achan, Josh. 7.19.

3. The publick Good which is intended by the lawful demands of the Judge, ought not to be frustrated (Give me leave to speak conscientiously) by the private evasions of the Criminal.

4. The Person guilty, not pleading, may be supposed to die for his Crime of Contumacy, not the Fact which requires satisfaction in this life.

5. All humane Policy, when repugnant to the manifestation of Justice, legal Procedure, and the Convictions of a tender, though doubtful Conscience, is altogether unallowable.

But to proceed in our Narrative, The same way that was appointed for putting the before-recited terrible Sentence in Execution March 11. last, he writ to his Wife as followeth.

(73)
H. JONES'S LAST LETTER
TO HIS WIFE.

Dearest Deare

After my hearty prayers to the God of Heaven and Earth for thee and my poor child or Childrens welfare when born; I do beseech thee for Jesus sake to feare God, and pray continually to him, to endue thee and thy poor child or more with grace, wisdom and understanding, and to give thee a contented mind, in what estate Soever he is pleased to set thee; That thou mayst take all things with a true, religious and satisfied eye, praising him in every thing, and doing no wrong to any man, but what good thou canst to all, never coveting any mans estate or plenty of Riches, but satisfied with any small competent maintenance, wherewith to supply thee and my poor Child or Childrens bodies in this life, and to make you more sensible of a better which is to come, I should have bin very glad to have heard thou wert safely delivered of thy burden before I die. But since it pleaseth Almighty God, that it shall be otherwise, I desire thee to be contented, and to bear all the Lords dispensations very patiently, who I hope wil' turn all things to the best for thee in short time: As for my suffering an ignominious and terrible death, I conjure thee not immoderately to afflict thy self about it; Oh! consider how slight
and

and trivial the momentary pains I can here go through are, in comparison of those inconceivable endless torments, which I must confess myself justly to have deserved: blefs the Lord with me, that he hath dealt so gently as to awaken me to a sense of my horrid fins; That I now fee the sinfulness of fin, of all fin, and the need of a Jesus; Through whose pity, grace and mercy I stedfastly hope (though my body suffer for a moment) yet my poor soul shall be pardoned, freed and absolved from eternal damnation; And that he will make thee and all the World take example by me, not to offend so good and gracious a God: And as for my Sister *Mary*, who is to suffer with me or presently after, I do hereby assure thee and all the World, as I have a soul and hope for salvation, she is as clear, free, innocent and guiltless, from having any hand in contriving, plotting, or knowing any thing of my Mothers death, before or after: as any of her Prosecutors, or of the Officers, who took me upon suspicion, until they themselves did suspect me: And therefore I think it is some just and deserved affliction, which God is pleased to lay upon me for the fins of our Parents, not but that we have deserv'd this and ten thousand times more for the fins we have committed ourselves! However I desire thee hence to consider, how angry the Lord is with us sometimes, when he is pleased to inflict such punishment upon her for leud living, and committing such fins

as are termed (with all people) small, and little made of, amongst men in our times; Consider, I say, my dear Heart, my dear Life, my dear Self, what odious and hateful a thing the least sin is in the sight of Almighty God: since she, poor wretch, is now to be burnt to death for lewd living, wantonness, lying, living merrily and idly; Oh, my dear Wife, go sorrowing to thy Grave for the days of thy vanity, and that idle merry life thou hast formerly lived in: Do not buy such trifles, and indeed a nothing but sorrow, at so dear a Price, as the love of so holy a God, and a happy Eternity: O my dear heart, it cannot choose but make thee tremble (to read it, as well as me to write it) what sins have I committed in killing my Mother, and what Punishment have I deserved for such great sins: when my poor dear Sister is punish'd for so small offences, as people term them, (but great with God.) How ought I to pray the Lord to pardon me so great faults, and that for so small pains and little punishment: Oh praise the Lord all the days of thy life for his goodness and mercy towards us, both in this life and that which is to come: Keep the day that I am put to death as a solemn Fast from diet, but especially from sin, with Prayers and Thanksgiving to the end of this thy mortal life: Retire and confine thy self to a solitary and solid way of living: have as little to do with any in worldly affairs as thou canst: let thy house be in some retired place, free from frequent Resorters, unless it be they who fear God, and live soberly and
godly

godly in this present wicked world: let such be
thy Comforters and Companions, I live like the
Ostrich and *Pellican*: Comfort thy self in nothing
but in the Lord God, bring up mine and thy poor
childe or children always in the fear of the Lord:
And whatever thou doest, be continually in pray-
ers for them, and thy poor self, My dear *Malk*: And
when thou art most under affliction and distress in
this life, be then most frequent & fervent in prayers
before God, confessing all thy sins (even those thou
mayst count small) as well as great and presumptu-
ous sins, desiring pardon and forgiveness, and grace
and abstinence for the future: be humble, meek,
and lowly at all times, but especially when thou
art before Almighty God: I would have written
more large unto thee, but I refer my self to the
bearer, who will, I hope, satisfie thee fully, and
how and when I was put to death: I can say no
more, but my Dearest Dear, farewell: Farewell on
Earth; Thy dying Husband hoping to meet in
Heaven,

Monmouth March 11. 1671.

Henry Jones.

After this, being brought into the place where
Execution was to be done, which was in a Cellar
belonging to *George Sadler* the Goaler. After se-
veral pious and devout Ejaculations, he spake to
the Spectators to this effect,

That he came very willing to suffer death, siq

'the crimes he had committed were so odious both
 'in the sight of God and man: That he acknow-
 'ledged he no longer deserved to tread on the face
 'of the earth, or to look up to Heaven; That he
 'had been a very wicked Liver from his youth
 'up, and that the burthen of his sins would be
 'much more grievous to his soul, then the weight
 'that was to press his body to death, had he not
 'a firm belief, and assured hope, That his blessed
 'Saviour would preserve him from sinking under
 'them, whose Promise it is, *Come to me all ye that*
 '*are heavy laden, and I will give rest to your souls:*
 'He exprest himself deeply affected with the sense
 'of his guilt, in drawing in his boy to be a sha-

what estate Soever he is pleased to set thee; That
 thou mayst take all things with a true, religious and
 satisfied eye, praising him in every thing, and doing
 no wrong to any man, but what good thou canst to
 all, never coveting any mans estate or plenty of
 Riches, but satisfied with any small competent main-
 'enance, wherewith to supply thee and my poor
 Child or Childrens bodies in this life, and to make
 you more sensible of a better which is to come, I
 should have bin very glad to have heard thou wert
 safely delivered of thy burden before I die. But
 since it pleaseth Almighty God, that it shall be o-
 therwise, I desire thee to be contented, and to bear
 all the Lords dispensations very patiently, who I
 hope wil' turn all things to the best for thee in short
 time: As for my suffering an ignominious and
 terrible death, I conjure thee not immoderately to
 afflict thy self about it; Oh! consider how slight
 and

everlasting consolation, whereupon a godly Divine
there present, made this ensuing Prayer.

The Prayer said at Henry Jones his Execution.

O Almighty God, Lord of Heaven and Earth, Judge of Angels and men, give leave to a vile, wretched and dejected soul to come into thy Presence, who deserves nothing but plagues and torments, fire and brimstone: Permit a trembling Misdemeanor to look towards thy Mercy, Seat, and for the Holy Jesus sake attend unto his Cry, and hear the voice of his tears. O eternal Goodness, if thou forsake him, the vast weight of his sins will sink him into desperation. His state is most sad and deplorable, and there is none to deliver him: let thy tender mercies speedily prevent him, for he is brought very low: He is astonished at the sight of his iniquities, which are great and numberless. O Lord support him with thy blessed Army, or he will fall into a Sea of misery, and never rise again. Fears and sorrows surround him,

offend so good and gracious a God: And as for my Sister Mary, who is to suffer with me or presently after, I do hereby assure thee and all the World, as I have a soul and hope for salvation, she is as clear, free, innocent and guiltless, from having any hand in contriving, plotting, or knowing any thing of my Mothers death, before or after: as any of her Prosecutors, or of the Officers, who took me upon suspicion, until they themselves did suspect me: And therefore I think it is some just and deserved affliction, which God is pleased to lay upon me for the sins of our Parents, not but that we have deserved this and ten thousand times more for the sins we have committed ourselves! However I desire thee hence to consider, how angry the Lord is with us sometimes, when he is pleased to inflict such punishment upon her for lewd living, and committing such sins

as are termed (with all people) small, and little made of, amongst men in our times; Consider, I say, my dear Heart, my dear Life, my dear Self, what odious and hateful a thing the least sin is in the sight of Almighty God: since she, poor wretch, is now to be burnt to death for lewd living, wantonness, lying, living merrily and idly; Oh, my dear Wife, go sorrowing to thy Grave for the days of thy vanity, and that idle merry life thou hast formerly lived in: Do not buy such trifles, and indeed a nothing but sorrow, at so dear a Price, as the love of so holy a God, and a happy Eternity: O my dear heart, it cannot choose but make thee tremble (to read it, as well as me to write it) what sins have I committed in killing my Mother, and what Punishment have I deserved for such great sins: when my poor dear Sister is punish'd for so small offences, as people term them, (but great with God.) How ought I to pray the Lord to pardon me so great faults, and that for so small pains and little punishment: Oh praise the Lord all the days of thy life for his goodness and mercy towards us, both in this life and that which is to come: Keep the day that I am put to death as a solemn Fast from diet, but especially from sin, with Prayers and Thanksgiving to the end of this thy mortal life: Retire and confine thy self to a solitary and solid way of living: have as little to do with any in worldly affairs as thou canst: let thy house be in some retired place, free from frequent Resorters, unless it be they who fear God, and live soberly and godly

godly in this present wicked world: let such be thy Comforters and Companions, I live like the *Ostrich* and *Pellican*: Comfort thy self in nothing but in the Lord God, bring up mine and thy poor childe or children always in the fear of the Lord: And whatever thou doest, be continually in prayers for them, and thy poor self, My dear *Mall*: And when thou art most under affliction and distress in this life, be then most frequent & fervent in prayers before God, confessing all thy sins (even those thou mayst count small) as well as great and presumptuous sins, desiring pardon and forgiveness, and grace and abstinence for the future: be humble, meek, and lowly at all times, but especially when thou art before Almighty God: I would have written more large unto thee, but I refer my self to the bearer, who will, I hope, satisfie thee fully, and how and when I was put to death: I can say no more, but my Dearest Dear, farewell: Farewel on Earth; Thy dying Husband hoping to meet in Heaven,

Monmouth March 11. 1671.

Henry Jones.

After this, being brought into the place where Execution was to be done, which was in a Cellar belonging to *George Sadler* the Goaler. After several pious and devout Ejaculations, he spake to the Spectators to this effect,

‘ That he came very willing to suffer death, *sings*

' the crimes he had committed were so odious both
 ' in the sight of God and man: That he acknow-
 ' ledged he no longer deserved to tread on the face
 ' of the earth, or to look up to Heaven; That he
 ' had been a very wicked Liver from his youth
 ' up, and that the burthen of his sins would be
 ' much more grievous to his soul, then the weight
 ' that was to press his body to death, had he not
 ' a firm belief, and assured hope, That his blessed
 ' Saviour would preserve him from sinking under
 ' them, whose Promise it is, *Come to me all ye that*
 ' *are heavy laden, and I will give rest to your souls:*
 ' He exprest himself deeply affected with the sense
 ' of his guilt, in drawing in his boy to be a sha-
 ' rer in the horrid Act; He exprest himself now in
 ' Charity, and reconciled to all the world, but his
 ' wicked self: He confest it was covetousness and
 ' extravagancy, or rather covetousness to maintain
 ' extravagancy, that first put him upon this wicked
 ' Act of murthring his dear and tender Mother, he
 ' wish'd that all the World might take warning by
 ' him, not to get a habit, and live in a custom of sin-
 ' ning, though only in things which we count little
 ' things, and venial escapes, lest thereby they provoke
 ' the Justice of God to give them to commit some
 ' great and monstrous wickedness as he had done, and
 ' thereby brought himself to this untimely and infa-
 ' mous death; Finally, he desired all that were pre-
 ' sent to be earnest with God in his behalf for mercy
 ' and acceptance in Christ Iesus, Taat he might be
 ' patient in the pangs of his sufferings, and receive
 ever-

everlasting consolation, whereupon a godly Divine
there present, made this ensuing Prayer.

The Prayer said at Henry Jones his Execution.

O Almighty God, Lord of Heaven and Earth, Judge of Angels and men, give leave to a vile, wretched and dejected soul to come into thy Presence, who deserves nothing but plagues and tormentis, fire and brimstone: Permit a trembling Miferador to look towards thy Mercie-Seat, and for the Holy Jesus sake attend unto his Cry, and hear the voice of his tears. O eternal Goodness, if thou forsakest him, the vast weight of his sins will sink him into desperation. His state is most sad and deplorable, and there is none to deliver him: let thy tender mercies speedily prevent him, for he is brought very low: He is astonished at the sight of his iniquities, which are great and numberless: O Lord support him with thy blessed Arm, or he will fall into a Sea of miserie, and never rise again. Fears and sorrows surround him, and the evil spirits watch for his ruine: may he not a gracious sinner, beg one drop of comfort, who is ready to perish? may he not pray to thee in the time of his distress and calamity, when thy fierce waves are coming over his fainting troubled soul? He is afflicted and ready to die--- Oh, wilt thou be angry with him for ever? wilt thou draw out thine anger unto all generations? Most gracious God, give him leave to lie at thy sacred feet and bewail himself awhile, before he descend into his grave where there is no repenting; give him leave to confess his iniquity and beg thy favour, that he may not go down into the Regions of darkness, and dwell with devils; for thou wilt not the death of sinners, thou takest no pleasure in their torments. O Rock Well-spring of life and salvation, who hast promised Pardon to the Penitent, let the sighing of the Prisoner come before thee, whose heart is melted in the midst of his bowels. Hear O Lord, his pride and prophaneness, and contempt of thy Spirit, that he has been greedy of the world, and distrustful of thy Providence, that he has made haste to be rich, and ruined himself, that it was his base and fardid covetousness, which drew him into disobedience, and blood-guiltiness, which exas him off in the midst of his days,

O that he should be such a son of Belial, as to die his hands in the blood of his Parent, that bore him upon her Knees, and laid him in her Bosome! that he should be such a Wretch, as to side with the devil, and the unrighteous Mammon, in taking away her life who brought him into the World! O the foulness of this deed of darkness, which fills him with grief, horror and astonishment! But is there no Balm in Gilead? no Physician there to heal a wounded spirit, to support a sinking sinner? O Father of mercies, though his life is forfeited by this Hellish Act, let not his Hopes of Heaven be lost, and his precious soul. Thou, O God of Truth, sayst, If we confess our sins, thou art faithful and just to forgive them. And he acknowledges, O Lord, in the bitterness of his soul, that he is the vilest, bloudest Villain that ever breath'd in thy Air; that no Turk or Moor has been guilty of more horrid Wickedness: but thou seest his Prostration, thou hast heard his groans: O put his tears into thy bottle, are they not in thy Book? O Searcher of all hearts, thou knowest, 'tis not life but mercy which he implores: Do what thou please't with his vile body: but let his soul, we beseech thee, lie in the Arms of Jesus. O wash him clean in that purple stream which flowed from his side, and let all the sins of this poor M^{an} be drowned in a flood of sorrow. O that his Head was waters, and his Eyes a Fountain of tears!— O God of patience and consolation, look not upon the blackness of his crime, but upon the wounds of thy Son, who is mighty to save: O that he may have a share in his death and intercession. For Jesus sake, let his Prayer come before thee, for his soul is full of troubles, and his life draweth nigh unto the Grave. Look down from Heaven, and behold from the Habitation of thy Holiness and of thy Glory: O Holy Jesus, offer up our suit to thy Father, and plead for a soul who begs Compunction of spirit, and thy loving-kindness, which is better then life, that he may declare he is a Penitent Murderer, as David, Manasses, and many others, now in thy Kingdom. O most gracious Lord, who art unwilling that any should perish, speak Peace to this troubled, guilty soul, and heal

heal the gaping wounds which he has in his heart: knock off his chains of flesh, and take him unto thee, though he be the least in thy Kingdom: Ever-blessed Iesus, we humbly beseech thee also, save the soul of his poor ignorant servant, whom he hath drawn to the Gates of death, by engaging him to joine with him in spilling the blood of the innocent: for the hardness of which Fact they cannot weep enough, if their tears could make a River, and rise above its banks, and drown the Field where they sinned. O thou Prince of Peace, look with an eye of mercie upon these Wretches, who are bound in affliction and iron: may thy wounds satisfie for those which they have given, and thy blood for that which they have spilt, and save them from the eternal Prison: Pity and pardon them, and deliver them from the spirits of darkness, and everlasting damnation.

O our dearest Saviour, though this poor, vile and dejected Sinner, suffers an ignominious death, and becomes an object of scorn and derision to many, a Spectacle to men and Angels; to thou bear, help, and save his immortal soul, for thy everlasting mercies sake, most merciful Saviour Iesus, in whose Name and words we further pray, Our Father which art in Heaven, &c.

This Prayer ended, the Prisoner kneeled down, and prayed near a quarter of an houre softly by himself, and then was put into the Press, which whether it were not made convenient for that purpose, or whether for the detestableness of his Crime, it was intended he should suffer the rigour of the Law, I know not, but certain it is, That he lay therein almost two days and nights before he was dead; and yet endured it with that courage and patience, as be-

compt not his stripes of Heaven or his, and his previous joy. Thou, O God of Truth, sayst, If we confess our sins, thou art faithful and just to forgive them. And he acknowledges, O Lord, in the bitterness of his soul, that he is the vilest, bloudest Villain that ever breath'd in thy Air; that no Turk or Moor has been guilty of more horrid Wickedness; but thou seest his Prostration, thou hast heard his groans: O put his tears into thy bottle, are they not in thy Book? O Searcher of all hearts, thou knowest, 'tis not life but money which he implores: Do what thou pleasest with his vile body: but let his soul, we beseech thee, lie in the Arms of Jesus. O wash him clean in that purple stream which flowed from his side, and let all the sins of this poor M^{an} be drowned in a flood of sorrow. O that his Head was waters, and his Eyes a Fountain of tears! — O God of patience and consolation, look not upon the blackness of his crime, but upon the wounds of thy Son, who is mighty to save: O that he may have a share in his death and intercession. For Jesus sake, let his Prayer come before thee, for his soul is full of troubles, and his life draweth nigh unto the Grave. Look down from Heaven, and behold from the Habitation of thy Holiness and of thy Glory: O Holy Jesus, offer up our suit to thy Father, and plead for a final and begs Compunction of spirit, and thy loving-kindness, which is better then life, that he may declare he is a Penitent Sinner, as David, Manasse, and many others, now in thy Kingdom. O most gracious Lord, who art unwilling that any should perish, speak Peace to this troubled, guilty soul, and heal

A Prayer at the Execution of George Bridges.

O Eternal God, and Father of mercies, in much pity and compassion behold this weak and trembling Malefactor, who in all Humility begs the remission of his sins and follies: who with shame and sorrow casts himself down at thy feet, and confesses his manifold and insufferable wickednesses, his ignorance of thy Law, and contempt of holy duties, his fall-

thy wounds satisfy for those which they have given, and thy blood for that which they have spilt, and save them from the eternal Prison: Pity and pardon them, and deliver them from the spirits of darkness, and everlasting damnation.

O our dearest Saviour, though this poor, vile and dejected Sinner, suffers an ignominious death, and becomes an object of scorn and derision to many, a Spectacle to men and Angels; do thou bear, help, and save his immortal soul, for thy everlasting mercies sake, most merciful Saviour Jesus, in whose Name and words we further pray, Our Father which art in Heaven, &c.

This Prayer ended, the Prisoner kneeled down, and prayed near a quarter of an houre softly by himself, and then was put into the Press, which whether it were not made convenient for that purpose, or whether for the detestableness of his Crime, it was intended he should suffer the rigour of the Law, I know not, but certain it is, That he lay therein almost two days and nights before he was dead; and yet endured it with that courage and patience, as became one that was sensible his sins deserved infinitely more grievous torments, or rather one that had the assurance of faith, that his sins were washed away in the blood of Jesus; and that he was going to take possession of joys unspeakable and endless, ravish'd with the apprehension thereof, he could not only go through, but welcom the greatest pain that in this World could be inflicted.

George Bridges his unhappy servant stood his trial, was found guilty of the Murther, and condemned to be hang'd, which was accordingly executed on *Saturday, March 16.* last past. He seemed very sorrowful and penitent, and confessed he did cut his *Mystriss's* Throat after she was shot: The Prayer used at his death was as follows.

A Prayer at the Execution of George Bridges.

O Eternal God, and Father of mercies, in much pity and compassion behold this weak and trembling Malefactor, who in all Humility begs the remission of his sins and follies: who with shame and sorrow casts himself down at thy feet, and confesses his manifold and insufferable wickednesses, his ignorance of thy Law, and contempt of holy duties, his falsehoods and lies, dissimulations and hypocrisies, cruelties and blood-guiltiness. He confesses, O God, that he has deserved the heaviest of thy wrath, to be separated from the comforts of thy Presence, and the Glories of thy Kingdom.

But blessed be thy Name, that thou invitest sinners to thyself, and offerest them Pardon upon repentance; that thou hast sent thy only Son into the World to die for such, and hast promised salvation upon their true Confession and deep humiliation. O holy God, who art full of long-suffering and patience, have mercy upon this fearful miserable sinner, and pardon him his ignorance and anger, and all the errors of his life, and hear his earnest groans now in the time of his affliction and trouble, O what shall we say to thee thou Preserver of men? thou takest no pleasure in seeing the blood of thy children: thou wouldst not have any to die in his transgressions. O God of mercies pity and pardon this timorous dying person, and cleanse his guilty soul in the blood of the immaculate Lamb, which speaketh better things than that of *Abel*. Return, O Lord, deliver his soul: O have him for thy mercies sake. For in death there is no remembrance of thee: in the Grave who shall give thee thanks.

Blessed

Blessed God, thou hast said, thou wilt hear the prayer of two or three; Will thou not attend unto the cries, and tears of a Multitude, who are at thy Throne of grace in behalf of this poor wretch who by the Seductions of the devil and his own hearts lusts was drawn to commit a black, and horrid wickedness, to plot and contrive the death of his Mistress, and to lie in wait for her fall. For thy Name-sake O Lord, pardon his iniquity for it is great; The troubles of his heart are enlarged: O bring thou him out of his distresses.

O most Gracious Father, let not this sad, and timorous Sinner sink under the burden of his transgressions and calamities: To thee alone he makes his complaint, and Prayer. And he trembles at thy judgements: let not the evil Spirit and his feares prevaile in the time of his trouble, and sorrow, and dissolution.

O God, we beseech thee, give thy afflicted servant a perfect and sound repentance, and assurance of thy favour: tell him that thou hast sealed his Pardon to him with the blood of Jesus, that thou hast accepted his Confession, and hast heard his groans, and that he shall quickly be taken from a miserable and sinful world to a Celestial Mansion. O dearest Lord, take from thy poor and sinful servant all inordinate fear of death, and give him earnest desires after Celestial pleasures: and when his soul shall take a farewell to this world, let thy holy Angels carry it into the Regions of eternal joy, peace, and felicities, for Christ Jesus sake, O dearest Lord. In whose Name and words we further pray
Our Father, &c.

As for *Mary Jones*, though she from first to last protested her innocency, yet it being proved, Not only that she stay'd up for her brother that fatal Night the Murther was committed, but that very Night washed his bloody Clothes, beat the Children for enquiring after their Mother, and since endeavoring to flie for it, all which was testified, with several other circumstances, by two credible Witnesses, she also was hereupon found guilty as consenting to the Fact; and condemned to be burnt. Which Sentence was executed the same day that the Boy suffered, viz. *Mar. 16.* she being drawn along with him on a Sled, and burned at a Stake high the Gallows: She to the last insisted on her innocence, and gave Certificates thereof to several Persons under her own hand, with most solemn Protestations; and begged of the Lord on the day she was to die, That he would please to shew some sign or token to clear her to the world, which some will have to be Answered by the stubborn Horses refusal to go on with the Sled when she came against the Church, going to the place of suffering; the falling down of part of the Church-wall then, a strange Meteor and Storm, with I know not how many other Prodigies: but wiser men judge all these to be but raised stories, or at best, forced observations of some melancholy and credulous Heads: 'Tis certain, her sex, youth, and vehement denial of being privy to the Fact, were very powerful Advocates to plead for pity in the Spectators breasts, whose tears at her death seem'd almost

almost enough to quench the flames she was exposed to, she said not much at the stake, but what tended to declare her innocency in the particular fact charged, though having bin a grand sinner, she acknowledged she had otherwise duely deserved the worst she could suffer. And concluding her discourse with a Protestation, that she freely and heartily did forgive all the world.

The Prayers following were put up for her as she stood at the Place of Execution, a numerous throng accompanying each word with sighs and tears.

A Prayer at the Execution of *Mary Jones*.

O Eternal and most merciful God, who hast made the way troubles and afflictions, the way to Jerusalem and everlasting pleasures: Look in abundant mercy upon a sorrowful sinful soul, upon a wretched and vile sinner, who hath none to help and deliver her: O pardon and forgive her all her secret sins, lusts and passions, her averseness to religion and virtues, and want of love to Prayer and holy Offices, to the Word of God and pious Christians: her easie yieldings to the assaults of Satan, and violent resistings of the motions of thy Spirit: her slavish fears and distrust of thy Providence, her greediness of the world, and neglect of the things above, the omissions and lukewarmness of her Prayers, and whatsoever has provoked thee to lay this great punishment upon her; O God we beseech thee, free her be guiltie of the charged crime, of taking away the life of her Mother, let a River of tears run down her cheeks, and wash her clean in the blood of the Holy Jesus; If she was not conscious to that fearful and horrid deed of darkness, clear her innocencie to this great multitude by her readiness and cheerfulness to die, to go through this fierie trial, or by what thou seems best to thine infinite Wisdom, and let thine holy Angels

minister to her in her sorrow, and wipe the tears from her eyes, and sweat from her body, and carry her soul into thine everlasting Kingdom, where, if she arrives, she shall never sin, nor sigh, nor be accused or tempted, judged or condemned, where she will have sound and solid, perfect Peace and felicity, and sing Anthems for ever with Angels and all the Martyrs of Jesus.

O Almighty and most gracious Saviour, who didst suffer with meekness & patience those severe stripes of thy Fathers wrath which we did deserve, but thou didst feel, and hast established with mankind a Covenant of Faith and Patience, a Law of Sufferings, making the way of the Cross to be the way of Heaven: Give to thy handmaid thy grace, that according to thy excellent example, and holy Commandment, she may bear the burden of the Lord, with an even and willing, an obedient and loving spirit. O let her never charge thee foolishly, nor murmur secretly—but with faith and hope submit her body and soul to thy merciful and just discipline; that she may not discompose the duties of her repentance by a new sin, nor provoke thee to anger by her impatience—nor neglect the doing of any thing that can be in her power, or in her duty to her body or her soul. O God be merciful to thy handmaid, and press her not with an unequal load, but remember that she is dust and vanity, and dies in thy displeasure. Give her [we pray thee] a quiet mind and peaceful conscience; and deliver her not into the will of her spiritual enemies, but let her be justify'd by thy mercy, sanctify'd by thy spirit, saved by thy infinite and eternal goodness, through Jesus Christ our Lord [and Saviour]. In whose Name and words we further pray, *Our Father, &c.*

Which words being ended, The Executioner (with a flaming Torch) sets fire to the straw and Faggots, and in less than an hour after, her body is there consumed to Ashes.

Thus

Thus have we traced our bloody Murtherers into the other world, where we Charitably leave them all to the mercies of a most Righteous God, who we may observe in this Example doth often punish one sin with another: A wild dissolute course of Living Engages this unhapy young Gentleman in Coverousness and unjust greedy desires after his Mothers rightfull Estate, to supply his Extravagancies; These unlawfull desires Tempt him to Trample on and violate all Laws of Nature and Grace on Earth and Heaven; And with barbarous hands to Murther her whom in duty and Affection he was bound to obey, honour, and with the hazard of his life preserve; Thus lesser crimes draw on and prepare us for greater, for when we first forsake God, no wonder if he abandon us to our selves and our sins, and the fruit thereof Calamity, Misery, Infamy, and Perdition; Wherefore since we see humane (or rather such Inhumane) Cruelty is ever met with and punished by divine Justice let us fly their Crimes that we may avoid their punishments, Reassuming our reasons and recalling our wandering thoughts from Hell to Earth, purposely to Elevate them from Earth, and fix them on Heaven, and consecrate them and our Souls from sin to Righteousness, from Satan to God, that so we may piously Live and peaceably die in this world and Gloriously Reign in that which is to come.

F I N I S.

Dr. Bromfield's Pills against the Scurvey, and all other diseases, are to be Sold by Thomas Hancocks Bookseller in Hereford.

erers
eave
God,
ften
ourse
man
after
tra-
him
and
rous
tion
ha-
w on
for-
elve
Mi-
e we
ty is
et us
ish.
g our
sely
lea-
in to
may
and

d al
mce